

The Parasite on High Charity

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Summary: We all know about the Parasite invading High Charity but what if a group of four people had the opportunity to change all that? Please R&R. Rated 'M' for romance later to come.

The Parasite on High Charity

The year was 2570 and the UNSC headquarters homeworld, Languid II, is under the constant threat of being glassed by the Covenant, a collective race of aliens under the leadership of the Prophet of Mercy. Mercy had taken power of the Covenant after Spartan 247, Jared if you want to call him by his human name, and his AI construct, Ping, had killed the Prophet of Truth.

Jared is now home on Languid II with his adoptive parents, Commander Miranda Johnson and Sergeant Avery Johnson. Jared has been in the UNSC for a little while now and he's already progressed through the ranks and is already a Sergeant all in the short time span of 3 months.

Meanwhile, at the Covenant headquarters of High Charity, the Arbiter, Orna Fulsamee, is having problems with the Prophet hierarchy, Mercy. He is currently being scorned for his actions of helping the humans stop the Brute chieftain, Tartarus, from activating the sacred ring.

"You have recently undergone an action worthy of heresy!" The Arbiter cringed under the watchful eye of Mercy. "Your grace," Orna began. "I am sorry that it had to be this way, but if you had asked the right questions to the oracle you would know what this fucking ring does! It doesn't lead us to the Great Journey... it-" Orna was cut off.

"SILENCE! What the HELL do you think you're doing!" scorned Mercy. "I will kill you right now on the spot unless you can think of some great deed that you can do within the next cycle."

"Noble Mercy," began Orna. "I will kill every fucking parasite on the sacred ring if need be. But I will not stand by and watch you kill everything within three radii of this ring. The oracle has told me when I killed Tartarus that the -- oops... he he. I'm sorry Noble prophet but because of what Tartarus has done to my fellow elites has-" Orna was cut off again.

"WHAT? You killed Tartarus! Just as he was about to start us on the Great Journey!" Mercy was beside himself with fury.

"NOBLE PROPHET! Will you listen to-" Orna began but suddenly the lights started to flicker.

"What the hell is happening!" Mercy calls up his personal bodyguard consisting of 10 brutes and 15 hunters. "Guards... if this is what I think it is then you will not let anything or anyone into this room without certificat-" This time it was Mercy who was cut off by Orna.

"SHHH! Listen... I thought I heard..." Sure enough, there came a gurgling noise from behind the door to the Prophets inner sanctum. The noise that could only be generated by one creature and he wasn't going to stay here and find out for he already knew what it was. '_Shit_' thought Orna. He starts to run to the elevator at the back of the room to join up with his comrades.

"Sorry, Noble Prophet. But I have to go join up with my crew and try to defend this city."

"What? You get back here right now sir. I'm not finished with you yet. My guards are perfectly capable of defending us with-AUGH!" Mercy is being strangled by a lone parasite that happened to sneak up on him without detection by him or his guards.

"With ease, huh?" Laughs to himself at the Prophets misfortune. "Sorry sir, but I have my own problems to deal with. Let your guards, as perfectly capable as they may be, help you." Orna never liked the way that he was treated by Mercy so frankly, he didn't care if the Prophet died or not.

Orna opens his com to his fellow team members. "Calling all who can hear this message." He waits for the replies.

Not even a few seconds later he hears his replies. "Jared standing by"; "Nick standing by"; Josh standing by".

"Good to hear from you all. Meet me on the ring ASAP."

"Something wrong? It can't be the parasite. My construct isn't relaying any info to me if they are invading. Tell me and I'll see if my bro can help... oh, he he he, wait, you can contact him yourself."

"YES! The parasite is here in High Charity. I'll be down in 10 minutes but I have to find my wife and son! Sorry, but I can't stall the dread growing in my heart that they might be captured already."

"Yes sir! Meet in 10 minutes with teammates."

"Good job soldier. Team leader, over and out."

He feels a little tug on the leg of his armor and looks down to see his son. He sighs with a lot of relief.

"Daddy?" asks his son, Scra Fulsamee. "What's happening?"

"Son... I can't explain it to you right now. When you get older and can understand it better, then I will tell you. But right now, I need you to find mommy and keep her safe. Can I trust you with this mission?"

Scra stands tall proudly and puffs out his chest. "Yes, daddy. I will do my best to honor this family." Scra turns around and yells something in his native tongue.

"Ymmom yako s'ti. yddad ot ih yas dna ereh emoc nac uoy. Ereh m'i esauceb ereh er'uoy swonk eh."

A very beautiful female elite comes walking through the crowd of scared covenant. She walks up to Orna and gives him a very loving kiss, inconspicuous to the creatures scrambling around them. Scra turns and gives a disgusted face inconspicuous to his parents.

Orna and his wife, Teria, pull apart and look at each other in the eyes for a long time.

Teria is the first to break the silence between the two. "What is going on? I don't like this one bit and I don't want you out there fighting whatever it is."

"Listen, my love. I have to do this. What I have done to Tartarus and the Great Journey was considered heresy. I have to do this to get that burden off my chest..." pulls off his chest armor showing his upper torso. Teria swoons into his arms. Orna feels something wet slide along his breast.

"Uhhh, Teria? Does it have to be here? Can't it wait until I get back from this mission?"

Teria pulls herself out of his arms with a gleam in her eyes. "Of course. When you get back I'll be waiting for you in the dorm."

Teria leans forward and whispers something to Orna. "Please be careful out there. I love you and I don't want anything happening to you. When you come back just knock on the door six times and I'll know it's you. Good-bye, my love. Please... come back in one piece."

"I promise. I'll be back here as soon as I'm done fighting. Don't wait up for me and don't talk to strangers, whatever they may want you to do. Even if it's the heirarchs."

Orna runs off with his wife and son watching after him. Scra looks at his mother and asks her what's going on.

"Mommy? Where's he going? I don't want anything bad to happen to him."

Teria looks down at her son with a sad look in her face. "Scra... daddy has gone off in battle. I know, you're worried and so am I. But he isn't fighting alone. He has his companions fighting alongside him. Mind you, they may be..." She shudders at the thought. "...human."

Orna runs to a dropship and tells the pilot to fly down to the city's power generator located on the ring.

After a while, the pilot speaks over the intercom and tells Orna that they'll reach the ETA in 5 minutes. Orna strips off his clothes in a corner denying visibility to the pilots. He replaces his clothes with his armor that depicts him as the Arbiter.

The dropship sets down on the artificial ring-world and Orna steps into the

grav-lift. As his feet touch the ground, his eyes go wide with terror as he notices millions of bodies, covenant and human alike, scattered along the ground. He searches around, looking to see if any of the bodies were of his brethren. He notices a glint of gold among a pile of dead human corpses. He goes to investigate and turns about because he heard a cracking branch in the forest behind him. He decides it must have been a bird or something... a really big bird. He turns back to the gold glint and notices it's nothing but a shotgun shell.

Not a moment later he heard the distinct sound of a plasma grenade being activated. He turned around and noticed the blue ball of plasma before it sticks to his chest.

"Arrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrghhhhh!" Orna manages to get out one last roar before his life slips away from his body as he's blasted into the sky preceding a blue explosion of plasma.

Jared watched with satisfaction as his grenade landed on the chest of the creature examining his trap. As the grenade lands on the creature, it gives out one last roar that sounded like-

Jared stares at the grenade knowing it was too late to save Orna. He ran out to the elite without giving a second thought or talking to his team.

"Jared! Where are you going?" Nick looks and watches as Jared runs out in the open without putting caution in front of him.

"Jared, you aren't thinking! There might be more of them!" Josh was surprised as well.

Jared keeps on running with full speed knowing full well that there aren't any flood around there.

"I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING! GET DOWN HERE NOW! I JUST THREW THAT GRENADE ON ORNA!" Jared's eyes well up with tears that he can hardly feel. He wasn't bred with emotions.

Back in the trees, Josh and Nick look at each other with a look of surprise on their faces, although they couldn't see the others' face. Though each could tell what the other was thinking. '_Shit_'. They ran down and joined Jared at the limp, lifeless body.

Jared stands crying silently, shoulders heaving. Forced to show his feelings about his comrades, he whispers to himself.

"What was I thinking? Why couldn't I have activated my com? Ahh... I've been so stupid lately. And I've kept my feelings for Nick from him for far too long."

Jared opens a com for private speaking to Nick.

"Nick?"

"Yeah?"

>"You feel loyal to me, right?"<p>

End
file.